

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1914

NUMBER 10

When Young Wits Clashed.

BY FREDERICK M. HOLMES.

"CAN'T you get along faster, Gus?" asked the big man in the back of the car, nervously closing his watch with a loud snap.

"I'm running as fast as I dare, Mr. Mason."

"But we're only doing eighteen miles; we did thirty before we left the main road for this short cut of yours."

"The car isn't running so well now," replied the chauffeur, with a sly grimace. "I don't dare to force it until we strike the turnpike."

"How far ahead is that?"

"Some distance—ten miles, perhaps." Again the concealed grimace. Evidently the anxiety of his employer did not trouble the chauffeur.

"That stockholders' meeting in Penfield is at two," reminded Mason, anxiously, "and I'm morally sure that if I am not there I shall lose control of the company I've spent my life in building up. I'm sorry now I tried to make the eighty miles across country in the car instead of taking the train. There's a group of men who are trying to get the control away from—" He broke off in dismay, for there were several sharp reports and the car stopped.

In an instant the chauffeur was on the ground and, throwing open the hood, began working swiftly, around the engine.

"Sit right there, Mr. Mason," he exclaimed. "I'll have it all right in five minutes and shall be able to put on the fast speed; but I shall have to run to this house ahead and get some water."

Taking a small pail, he started for the house and in two minutes had passed out of sight.

Mason waited impatiently. "Must have had a lot of trouble getting that water," he muttered, finally. He waited longer; then he took out the watch again and gave an exclamation of surprise. It was ten minutes since the chauffeur had disappeared.

Down the road near the house a boy of about sixteen appeared, looked up, saw the car and stopped. Mason called and he approached.

"What is your name?" asked the man.

"George Howard."

"Mine's Mason," volunteered his questioner. "Have you seen anything of a young man going to that house after water?"

"I saw a young man go by, but he didn't stop or say anything about getting any water."

"What?" cried Mason, "he didn't stop?"

"No, sir, he left a pail near the house and went on to the corner just below here and got into an automobile that stood at the cross-roads and it started away at once."

"It's a plot!" burst out Mason; "it's a plot to get me out of the way at that meeting! That's why the trouble didn't begin until we left the main road. Well, I'll fool them; I can drive the car myself."

Stepping out quickly, Mr. Mason replaced



Drawing by H. Weston Taylor.

"Following Mason's glance, George saw the white face of the former chauffeur among them."

the hood and went to start the engine. He tried several times before the truth broke on him. For an instant he turned pale and leaned heavily against the car. "The miserable scoundrel," he groaned; "he's put the engine out of business. Do you know anything about an automobile, son?"

"Not very much," admitted George. "I never drove one, though I've always wanted to; but I've helped around them a good deal and put in new plugs and things like that."

"Then you know more than I do," commented Mason. "I never thought I had time to learn anything beyond how to turn on the gasoline and run the thing over the road. That's why I got a chauffeur."

Together they uncovered the engine and began a hasty examination to locate the trouble.

Entirely unaccustomed to the machine, Mason was still dubiously examining all sorts of possible and impossible seats of trouble, when a sharp cry from the boy drew him from his task.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Look!" cried George.

The man's eyes followed the direction of the boy's finger, but even then he saw nothing and was forced to ask what it was.

"Look at these springs," said George, touching them as he spoke; and Mason saw that each one of them had been very neatly cut.

"What are they?" he inquired helplessly.

"They are the inlet valve springs," answered the boy; "they allow the gasoline to enter the cylinders at the right time."

"Then they are extras," remarked Mason,

brightening up; "and we must have lots of them, for Gus was always bringing me in big bills for all sorts of extras. Just hand them out."

George opened up the tools and extras and Mason made a hasty clutch as a number of coiled springs met his eye. "We'll fool them yet," he said, "if we can only get these things on."

"I know how to put them on," asserted the boy.

"Then get busy and I'll make it well worth your while."

Working rapidly, the boy removed the old cut springs and made ready to put on the new ones. Mason handed him one.

"Not that," said George, "one of the others."

"Well, I don't care which you use; only get them on and let me get away."

"I can't use this, either; they are both alike. You see they are too heavy," George explained, "they are exhaust valve springs; the inlet valve springs are light."

Mason began rummaging again for the other springs, and George, joining him, realized the situation before the man sprang to his feet and shook his clenched fist in the direction in which the missing chauffeur had disappeared. "Oh, you're a cunning rogue!" he cried; "there isn't an inlet valve spring left!" Then he turned in desperation. "Put on the other springs," he ordered.

George shook his head. "It's no use," he replied earnestly, "it really isn't; they are so heavy they won't work."

"But what am I going to do?" asked the man, more of himself than of his young companion. "I can see the whole plot now, but what good is that? If I cannot reach that meeting they will do just what they wish to; and the control of the business to which I have given my whole lifetime will be swept away by a contemptible trick. Have your folks a car?"

"No, sir, there isn't one within several miles of here."

"Then there is one within a few miles?"

"Yes, sir."

"Big motor?"

"No, sir, about thirty horse-power."

"Got a telephone at your house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come on!" cried Mason, "we've a chance yet."

They rushed to the house and the boy quickly explained the situation to his mother. Mason passed hurriedly in, but George remained outside, thinking. In a minute he went to a wood-shed near the door, where he had a corner devoted to the construction of various mechanical devices so dear to the heart of the average healthy boy.

He was here when, a few minutes later, Mr. Mason came out again, his face looking older and more drawn than when he went in so short a time before. The man tried to smile as he saw George, but failed.

"I want to thank you, my boy," he said slowly, "for the efforts you have made to help me; and I shall never forget them, I assure you. I can't say very much just now; a man doesn't feel like talking when he is losing the fruits of a lifetime's work."

"What's the matter?" inquired the boy, sympathetically, "can't you get the car?"

"The matter is," answered Mason, "that I didn't realize until it was too late the almost matchless cunning of that young man whom I trusted and had benefited. He has not overlooked a single point."

"He has prevented your getting that car?"

"Worse than that; he has prevented my getting any car—or any assistance in time. I am practically tied hand and foot—helpless. He has cut the telephone line!"

George started and a light came in his eyes.

"I suppose I might as well try and get some one to pull that car to the nearest garage," continued he, gloomily.

"Wait just a minute, Mr. Mason," urged George; "I think I can get some one to attend to it for you."

Mason came and stood at the door while George busied himself in his own particular corner.

"What would a good big automobile be worth to you just now?" asked the boy, as he worked away.

There was no interest in the man's eyes as he replied, "Almost any price, George."

"I wish I could help you out."

"I wish you could; but that rogue was too clever—he did not overlook a single point."

"Yes, Mr. Mason," said George, gathering up the little objects upon which he had been working, "he did overlook one point; but he could not have been expected to know that."

"What was it?"

"Why," answered the boy, "he did not know that I had spring wire and could make a set of inlet valve springs."

"What?" gasped Mason.

"Oh, yes," confirmed George, "making springs is easy; I've made lots for different things, and I had these old ones for patterns. I can't see how I came to forget about it so long. Let's put 'em on."

Mason needed no urging, and they were soon properly placed and the hood shut down. To the man's delight the engine started promptly and he sprang in the car. "Good-bye!" he cried, "I won't forget you." Then he stopped. "Come here; get in," he said, "you'll have to help me out again, after all."

"What is the matter now?" asked George.

"I don't know this part of the country," explained Mason.

"Well, I'll show you where to go," laughed George.

"Geel!" he cried, a short time later, as he watched the speedometer, "the pointer is just passing the forty-mile mark."

"Just you wait until we strike the turnpike, son," commented Mason, "and you'll see it pass the fifty mark."

Just before two, as they were tearing into Penfield, they swept by another car in which were several persons. Following Mason's glance, George saw the white face of the former chauffeur among them. He gazed behind and in a minute exclaimed, "That automobile we just passed has stopped and turned and is going back."

Mason smiled grimly. "I don't think they are as anxious to get to that meeting as they were," he remarked; "and, as they have taken my chauffeur, I suppose I shall have to get another. How would you like the job, George?"

George's eyes glistened. "Fine," he replied, "but I don't know enough about it yet."

"You can learn if you have a chance," said Mr. Mason, decisively, "and I'll see that you get the chance."

And this remark explains why George is now driving the big car.

A Hero.

To be a hero, does not mean
To march away
At sounding of the trumpet call
To war's array;
It does not mean a lifeless form
'Neath foeman's dart;
To be a hero, simply means
To do your part.

Perhaps above your head, no flag
May be unfurled;
Perhaps you may not gain the cheer
Of a great world;
Just do your part; each little day
Be brave and true;
A greater than a soldier's joy
Will come to you.

Normal Instructor.

Severe, but Loving.

An interesting type of the old-fashioned mother is to be found in the life of the Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett. His mother it was whose "Birthday Reflections," set down from year to year, show her self-reproach, her thanksgiving, and her prayers against besetting sins. She is very grateful for the gift of her little son, but timorously prays that she may be kept from showing an undue partiality for him.

The boy was barely seven years old when his mother died, but she had had time to strengthen in him a strong sense of duty in little things as well as great. Once she tested him. Plum-pudding was being made in the kitchen, and the mother said to a servant, "Sally, take these raisins into the parlor and offer them to Stiles. Urge him to take them."

The girl played her part faithfully.

"I don't want them, Sally," said the little boy.

"Why? Don't you like raisins?"

"Yes; but don't you know my mother doesn't want me to eat them?"

"Oh, nonsense! She won't know anything about it. Take them!"

He looked his Eve solemnly in the face, and replied, never flinching,—

"Sally, I'm astonished at you!"

The last days of this loving but severe mother were full of pain, and, when she found that she must really leave the world, she quietly and systematically "made herself ready for the vanishing."

She had copied in a little book a few lists of her worldly goods, directing the disposal of "the white cotton counterpane with pink stars," the "quilted petticoat that was my mother's," the "large green fan," the "best white fan," the "black fan," and all the rest of her personal belongings.

Relatives from a distance would come riding to the funeral, and so she had the hard gingerbread made up ready for them. And now, in a different, more trembling hand, she added to the list,—

"To Stiles,"—her boy,—a globe, books, writing-desk, green glasses, trunk of papers, white hair-trunk, family hair-ring, brooch"—there her hand seems to have suddenly failed, for the word is hardly legible. Perhaps the mother's heart broke down.

The Christian Register.

Character is like bells which ring out sweet music and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

What is Coming?

A CHRISTMAS EXERCISE FOR NINE CHILDREN.

BY BELLA DIMICK.

The children appear one at a time, step to the front of the platform and recite their lines, then step backward one or two steps so that when all are in place they form a straight line across the stage. They should stand a little apart to allow for the turning movements.

Each child carries a piece of evergreen rope forty-five inches long, which is held in a deep loop, hands waist high. (First position.) A small red bell hangs from the middle of each rope.

1. (GIRL.)

Crowds are filling the sidewalks,
Hurrying to and fro;
Carefully carrying packages,
Conning their lists as they go.

"Cameo brooch for Aunt Catherine;"
"Corals for Clara—Let's see;"
"Candy and cakes for the children;"
"Candles and things for the tree—"

Hark! from the church tower pealing,
Clear come the chimes to the ear;
A sweet joyous carol stealing,
Calling its message of cheer.

Come, let us join in the chorus,
Chant it again and again.
Carol the joy that's before us,
Peace, and good will among men.

2. (BOY.)

Red berries. Where?
On the glistening holly.
Red nose. Where?
On old Kris Kringle jolly.
Red cheeks. Where?
On the pretty girlies.
Red roses. Where?
In their shining curls.
Red ribbons. Where?
Tied around a present.
Red bells. Where?
In the parlor pleasant.

Ruddy fire-light in the grate,
Ruby apples on a plate,
Rosy curtains at the door,
Red the carpet on the floor.
The books are read, and so's the paper;
Red is every waxen taper.
Red-letter day's approach is steady,
Everything is good and ready.
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

3. (GIRL.)

Holly wreaths in all the windows,
Holly branches here and there;
Houses full of cheer within doors,
Hearty greetings everywhere.

Hearth fires bright are leaping, glowing;
Homeward haste the absent ones;
Households reunited, showing
Happy parents, daughters, sons.

How we love to tell the reason
Human hearts in kinship come!
'Tis a holy, happy season,
'Tis a festival of home.

4. (BOY.)

I want a tool chest, I want a sled—
I want it any color, just so it's red!
I want a train of cars, I want a ship,
I want a pony-horse, I want a whip.

I want a target-gun, I want some skates,
I want a cut-up map of these United States.
I want a cow-boy suit, I want a rope—
I mean a lar-i-at; I'll get it too, I hope.

I want a punching-bag—just feel my muscle!
I want some boxing-gloves, they make you
hustle.

I want a bugle-horn, I want a ball;
I want some oranges and peanuts and pop-
corn and figs and dates and candy,
And—I—guess—that's—all!

5. (GIRL.)

See the stockings hanging up,
That longest one is mine.
I got it from big sister,
And it suits me, fine;
Because I want a parasol,
A lovely shade of pink,
And a great, big doll, with a red silk dress,
And eyes that wink.

See the baby's little sock
All made of scarlet wool.
A soft ball and a silver mug
Will fill it full.
Susie is the baby's name,
She's almost two years old.
We wouldn't sell that baby
For her weight in gold!

Some children have been saucy
And acted up so bad,
There'll be switches in their stockings
And they'll feel sad.
But that's not me nor Susie,
And I'm sure not you—nor you,
For we're as sweet as sugar
And mo-lasses, too!

6. (BOY.)

Mother's got some mizzle-toe,
A 'normous, buncy root,
So big, it seems to me more like
To call it mizzle-foot!

'N
Mother's got a mystery
Up on her closet shelf,
All muffled up in muslin—
I saw it there myself.

'N
Mother's got some more things
Hid all around the house.
I've poked and peeked, 'n sniffed 'n sneaked
Just like a little mouse.

But,
Mother she says "Mercy!"
I mustn't mooch around,
Or be a meddlin' nuisance,
Or mention what I've found,

But
Wait till that great mornin',
'N then, she says, O my!
I'll master all those myst'ries
In the twinklin' of my eye.

So,
Of course I'll mind my mother
And behave the best I can,
For there's noth'n' more to mooch 'nless
I mooch 'em all again!

7. (GIRL.)

To tell of a tree
They've called upon me,
To tell of a beautiful, evergreen tree,
Trimmed with strands of scarlet and white,
Tinsel sparkling, silvery bright,
Tapers twinkling, all alight,
There it stands before our sight,
Tree, tree,
Evergreen tree,
Beautiful evergreen tree.

The tale of a turkey next is due.
Words, or feathers? I'll leave it to you.
But come to the table
As soon as you're able
And show, as good trencher-men, what you
can do!
First is the blessing, in father's deep voice;
Then he carves turkey, whereat we rejoice.
Feasting comes after,
With talking and laughter,
Joking and teasing and gay repartee.

Then tiny folks muster,
Once more in a cluster,
And turn them again to the glittering tree,
Tree that they hail as their holiday treasure,
Tree that is star in the sky of their pleasure,
Round it the little feet trip a glad measure;
Tree, tree,
Beautiful tree,
Beautiful evergreen tree.

8. (BOY.)

Amy is making an apron,
With fetching little pockets, and a bib.
Ada's crocheting an afghan,
For darling Baby's buggy, or his crib.
Anna's embroidering acorns,
Azaleas, or something much like that.
Amelia is knitting some worsted,
And it's going to be a sweater—or a hat.

Archie's arranging an album
For his older brother Alfred's foreign stamps.
Amos is busy with arrows
For a boy-scout friend to shoot with when he
camps.
Arthur is making an air-ship,
And he hopes that Abe can fly it when it's
done.
Asa's addressing a parcel
"To my dear and loving mother, from her
son."

All are planning for others,
And working, each in individual way.
What makes them all so unselfish?
The advent of a most adorable day.

9. (GIRL.)

Secrets and surprises,
Guesses and surmises,
Something that we mustn't see, no matter
Where we look!
Sugar plums and toys
For all the girls and boys,
If their names are safely written in old
Santa Claus's book.

O saint all made of fancy,
And sweetest necromancy,
What a world of tender feeling finds expres-
sion in thy form!
Enemy of sadness,
Epitome of gladness,

Shedding sunshine over us in spite of wintry storm:
 Personified cheeriness,
 Conqueror of dreariness,
 Sprite of midnight mystery whom none may ever see;
 I love thee with good reason,
 Thou spirit of the season,
 Embodiment of human love, thou'rt a dear old friend to me!

As the following single lines are given, each speaker joins hands, at shoulder height, with the next child, so that, finally, the wreaths make a continuous garland, of nine festoons.

1. Can you see it, people dear?
2. Have we made our meaning clear?
3. Rhyming lines we have recited,
4. In our purpose all united,
5. Showing how a certain day,
6. That we love, is on the way.
7. Mystery in the air is humming,
8. All our hearts with joy are drumming;
9. Shall we tell you what is coming?

Resuming first position, all turn, showing, upon their backs, large red letters spelling "Christmas." They raise their hands high and form the continuous chain.

The prelude of a Christmas song is played, with the closing notes of which the hands are brought down, and all turn, facing front.

The Christmas song is sung, the children, at each occurrence of the word "Christmas," turning, as on a pivot, showing the red letters, and coming at once to front face again.

With the closing note of the song they lift their hands high, holding the pose while counting ten, then back to first position. The music continues. 1 runs off, right, 9 runs off, left; 2, right, 8 left; and so on, until 5 is left, standing alone. She throws her rope of green around her neck, like a scarf, looks to right and left, as if uncertain which way to go, and then runs off, right, peeping back just before she leaves the stage, laughing and calling

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

A Before-time Christmas.

BY ADELAIDE HUDSON.

MAURICE MANN was counting out his money and writing down all the things he was going to buy for the boys. In another part of the room his mother sat listening; the names were all familiar to her, and she recognized them all as belonging to boys who had many friends and relatives to buy them presents and remember them at Christmas time.

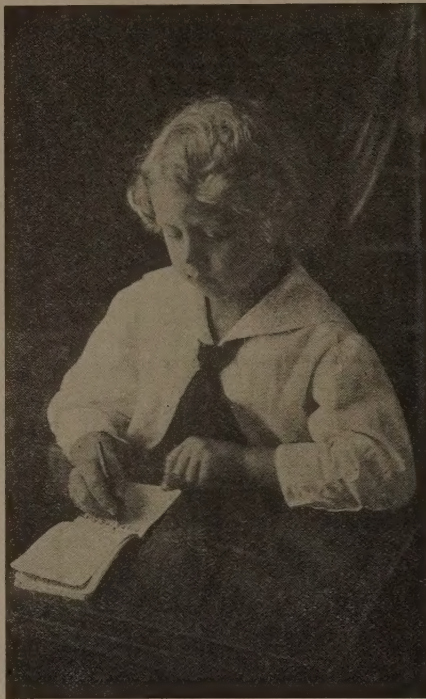
"What are you going to get for Luther and Dad?" inquired his mother as she heard him read off the last name of his long list.

"Oh, I never give them things; they couldn't buy presents if they had to. Luther hasn't got any father to make money for him, just what his mother earns, and she can't give him any. And Dad—mercy, mother: he's so poor he has to wear old long pants before he's big enough—just because folks give 'em to him!"

"I see—" dolefully replied Maurice's mother; "but," she further suggested, "suppose we have a game of Christmas and—and try it, just for fun. It's before-time, but we'll get in practice."

"All right, come on! I'm ready," returned Maurice.

The pencil, pad, and money were soon forgotten. Mother suggested that Maurice be Dad, and Flip, who was lying at his feet, be Luther. She was to be Maurice, and lazy Puss was to be her chum. It was great fun getting ready to play the game, and when the imaginary tree, which was made more



—"writing down all the things he was going to buy for the boys."

real by placing an umbrella stand in the center of the floor, was fixed, Mr. Stokes—the man who always called off the names, but just now had to be mother—began. She proceeded to call all the names Maurice had written on his paper, and some of them were called several times.

Then with her hands full of imaginary toys she ran over to poor little Dad, who was patting Luther's head and looking very much disappointed.

"See my engine, Dad. When you wind it up it goes like a hurricane. And see this monkey; it knows enough to scratch its own head. And, oh, look at this elephant! I bet it can do more stunts than a whole circus. Wha-at's the matter, Dad? You don't look a bit like Christmas. Where are your things?" Then, turning to Flip-dog, mother inquired, "What did you get, Luther?"

Maurice, who had begun to realize the part of Dad he was playing, was too manly to cry, though he choked up and his cheeks grew red. He took Flip by the ear and was on his way back to the table, when he turned. "The game's blocked! We're going to make out a new list, and count the money again."

A week later Maurice was putting the names on his presents and wrapping them up. Mother noticed a mischievous twinkle in his little brown eye as he piled two boxes, much larger than the others, on top of the basket, and started for the Chapel.

"Push over, kids; Dad and Luther have to have seats here to-night."

The boys in the long seat looked quite annoyed with Maurice as he insisted that they make room for Luther and Dad. A timid unpleasant feeling crept over Maurice as he noticed the boys were ready to make fun of Dad and Luther, whose clothes were nothing extra, although clean and whole; but he thought of the two big boxes and the Christmas a week before, and braced up.

"Whew—it's warm in here! I wish they'd hurry up and call off the presents," exclaimed Maurice, ten or fifteen minutes before it was time to begin.

"You're in an awful hurry. You must be expectin' something," broke in one of the boys.

"I never had but one Christmas when I didn't get something, and I don't want any more of that kind. If I had as much money as some folks, I'd buy hundreds of things for—"

"Oh, go on! You never had a Christmas when you didn't get at least one thing," said little Dad, who was sitting close to Maurice.

"Yes, I did, but it wasn't a real real one, and I'm glad it wasn't. It was bad enough when it was just a make-believe."

Little Dad hung his head, and a moment later the lights were turned on. The tree looked wonderfully pretty with many lights like little stars shining through its branches, and such a number of boxes, books, and toys! Dad and Luther had never seen so many before.

In came old Santa, and, after telling the boys how nice all the boys and girls had been to him, and how they liked him so well because he always tried to bring something for them all, he took the first thing he could get his hands on from the tree, and shouted, "Daniel Strong."

Dad's big eyes rolled around the room, looking for another boy with his name. A moment later Maurice found his presence of mind, and shoved his elbow into Dad's side, just as old Santa was repeating. "This must mean you, Dad, and I guess it's the biggest box on the whole tree."

Two, or three other names were called, then "Luther Burns"! To Maurice it seemed as if Santa called Luther's and Dad's names loudest of any, but that wasn't the part he was most interested in. When he saw the happy look on Dad's face as he pulled out a handsome string of cars, he just bubbled over with joy; and when Luther found a real young automobile in his box, Maurice chuckled right out loud.

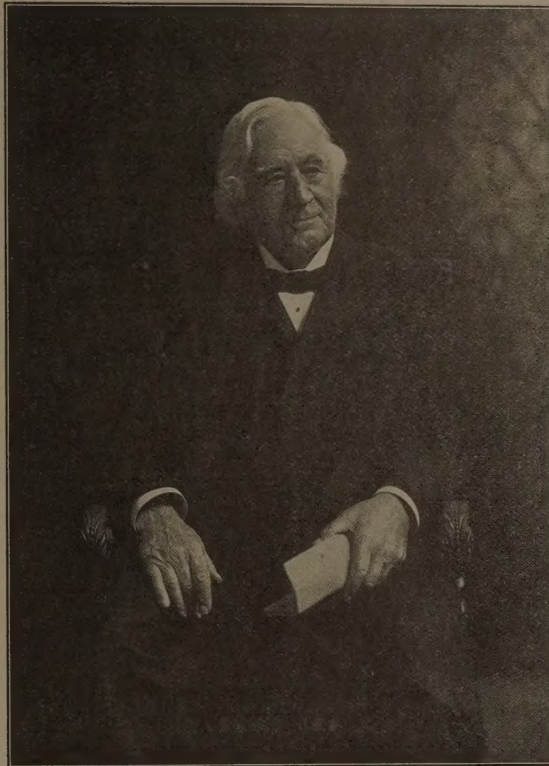
The happy bunch of boys walked along together, and, when Maurice reached his home, he could not resist the temptation to ask Dad and Luther in. He wanted his mother to share with him the joy he would never have known save for her "Before-time Christmas Tree."

Sunday School News.

THE members of the Sunday school in the Unitarian church in Berkeley, Cal., were given a supper in Unity Hall on Saturday, October 17. A very enjoyable evening was spent, with games for the children.

The annual Harvest Party of the Disciples School, Boston, was held on Saturday afternoon, October 31. Each member of the school brought an offering of fruit or vegetables, which was afterwards sent to the New England Peabody Home for Crippled Children.

A very successful Rally Day was held by our Sunday school at Bolton, October 25. The attendance was three times as large as at any former session of the school. The program was selected entirely from *The Beacon*, and its variety and interest received favorable comment. Every class in the school, even the adult, was represented in the program.



Robert Collyer.



Two Prophets of Freedom.

BY REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

TWO of the pictures, which you see above, are of two stained-glass windows, which were last year placed in the Church of the Messiah, New York City, in memory of the great teacher and good man, Dr. Robert Collyer, who was for more than thirty years its honored and beloved minister. These pictures give you a poor idea of the beauty of the windows, as you see in them nothing of the varied and glowing colors through which the sunshine streams in glory on a bright Sunday morning. But some day, perhaps, you can come to the church and there see the windows themselves. They will well repay a special visit, I assure you.

The first window, to the left, represents the great John Wesley, who lived in England in the eighteenth century and was the founder of Methodism. Brought up and educated in the Church of England, he began in 1738 to preach a pure religion of the spirit, which was exceedingly unwelcome to the very narrow and hide-bound churchmen of his day. At first they tried to silence him; and then they closed their churches against him. But all in vain. "God commands me," he said, "to instruct the ignorant, reform the wicked, confirm the virtuous; man forbids me to do this; whom shall I hear, God or man?"

Out into the fields and woods, the highways and byways, therefore, he went, as Jesus had gone before him, preaching his gospel to whomsoever would listen. Every morning, according to his *Journals*, he was up at four o'clock, preached his first sermon at five o'clock, and frequently two or three more on the same day, the number of ser-

You are so human; here's the central fact
Of which your life and speech are all com-
pact:

All things that touch the simple common
heart—

These have you chosen—these, the better
part—

You are so human; feeling, thought, and act.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

mons which he delivered in a single year numbering considerably more than eight hundred in all. His only home was his saddle; his only property, the contents of his saddlebags; his only food and shelter, what was given to him by the people to whom he came with the word of life. He was riding and preaching in all weather, and in all seasons of the year; and he penetrated to the wildest and most barbarous corners of the land. On the bleak moors of Northumberland, in the black mines of Cornwall and Bristol, in the hideous dens of the London slums—everywhere he toiled. Again and again he was assailed by the enemies of his movement, and his life threatened and endangered. More than once he was mobbed, stoned, cast into horse-ponds, and smothered with filth. But nothing could quench the fire of his zeal, or instill fear into his heart. Day in and day out, year after year, he journeyed on his mission of redemption from one end of the country to the other. And his reward was great. The common people heard him gladly, and put away their sins. Monstrous injustices of social life were burnt and purged away. The liberty of bearing witness to the truth was vindicated anew. Persecuted, outlawed, reviled, John Wesley was the supreme spiritual leader of his time

and one of the greatest religious prophets and reformers that the world has ever seen. The window shows him preaching to the miners of Litchfield; the inscription quoted above sounds the keynote of his life. Learn these words that they may be guidance and strength to you some day when you must choose between God and man.

The other window, to the right, shows Socrates speaking his "apology," or defense, at his trial in ancient Athens. This man, you know, was a fearless thinker and wise teacher, who was arrested in his old age by his fellow-citizens on the charge of teaching atheism. In reality, of course, he was not an atheist at all. Like so many heretics and martyrs, he worshiped a better and nobler God than his accusers, but for this reason one that they could not understand. And therefore they tried him and convicted him and condemned him to death. Some day, when you get a little older, you must read Plato's *Apology* and *Crito* and *Phaedo*, which record the discourses of Socrates in his last hours, and see how sweet and gentle and brave a man he was. Jesus alone was nobler and grander than he.

Under the picture, if you will look carefully, you will see an inscription, which tells the lesson of Socrates' life as the other inscription told the lesson of Wesley's: "O men of Athens, I salute you and wish you happiness, but I must obey God rather than you." Learn this as well as the other, and then note how alike they are! This means that both these great men fought the same battle for religious liberty, lived the same life of spiritual honesty, and died the same death of martyrdom. Together they are of the noble company of great leaders whom to-day we reverence and strive to follow.

For the Quiet Hour.

THE DIVINE FRIEND.

COMPILED BY REV. HAROLD G. ARNOLD.

So many gentle friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
Wherever he may be.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

EMERSON.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I
command you. These things I command
you, that ye love one another.

JESUS.

Prayer.

FATHER divine, thou art our dearest and
best friend. Conscious of thy companionship
we never feel alone. Thou art with us in
our work and in our play. Thou stayest with
us every night, watching while we sleep; and
every new morning thou callest us unto thy
side. From the fullness of thy love thou art
ever giving to us; and of thy faithfulness there
is no end.

Help us to be friends with thee, and friends
with all our fellow-men. May we share our
joys and blessings with those around us, and
strive to serve our brothers' need. Grant us
thy spirit of sympathy. Give us strong and
steadfast souls. We ask it in his name who
was the great friend to all the sons of men.
Amen.

Books for Boys and Girls.

Two in a Bungalow is a charming story
for boys and girls. It gives a vivid picture
of out-door life among the hills in Western
Massachusetts. The story gives more than
its title promises, for there are many more
people in the bungalow than the two boys,
Sydney and Clyde. It is a complete picture
of family and neighborhood life, with father
and mother, grandmother, the boys' chums
and playmates, the neighbors, and also, hap-
pily, the dog Scottie. A well-known woman
minister figures in the group, and the names
of well-known places near the Hoosac Tun-
nel give an air of reality to the story. This
is the second book in the summer vacation
series, and will further endear its author to
the boy and girl readers of her many volumes.

Readers from twelve to sixteen years of
age, who have already made the acquaintance
of Ned Brewster in two former volumes, will
not need to be urged to go with him on his
Caribou hunt in the Newfoundland woods.
The story is full of exciting adventures, and
proves how much more interesting it is to
hunt wild game with a camera than with a
gun. The fine illustrations are from photo-
graphs made by the minister-author in his
summer life on the trail in the wilds of
Newfoundland.

Two in a Bungalow. By Mary P. Wells Smith.
Cloth, 12mo. Illustrated. Price, \$1.20 net. Little,
Brown & Co.

Ned Brewster's Caribou Hunt. By Chauncey J.
Hawkins. Cloth. Finely illustrated with photo-
graphs made by the author. \$1.20 net. Little,
Brown & Co.

How an Entire Sunday School played
Santa Claus.

BY REV. S. L. ELBERFELD.

ONCE upon a time when boys and girls
were as boys and girls now are, fun-
loving and sometimes mischievous,
but with hearts as good as gold, there was
held a Sunday school session where the
superintendent said, "Any business to come
before this meeting?"

To the surprise of every one up jumps
fun-loving, helter-skelter Tommy and almost
shouts: "Mr. Superintendent, we're tired
of getting our 15 and 25 cent presents from
our Sunday school. It is too much, after
our party and everything. Why not take
that money and play Santa to some poor
little boys and girls who won't have any
Christmas? There's a family down our way
that never had a Christmas tree."

Tommy's speech gave out there, but the
idea took like wildfire. It was immediately
decided that each class should buy and
decorate a tree, put presents on it in keeping
with the ages and sex of the children, and
play fairy by dropping them on the porch
Christmas Eve.

It was a nickel collection every Sunday
after that right up to the Sunday before
Christmas. Even the little ones caught the
generous-spirit-giving fever. And then the
good time they had decorating the tree in
the Sunday school room! Oh, what fun
there was for scholars, teachers, and minister!
Hearts were beating joyously, faces lighted
with pleasure, and hands happily busy. The
Christmas spirit was in the air. Funny
things were said; girls were teased and boys
also. There was an occasional romp around
the room.

Christmas Eve after it became dark,
sleighs filled with shouting boys and girls
drove up to the church door. Out came the
trees and the presents, ready for distribution.

Let us follow just two loads. The Busy
Bees (or, as the boys called them, the Buzzy
Boos) were driven to a street lighted by a
dim city lamp, and stopped before a decrepit
house that seemed to lean over in apology
upon its foundation, giving the impression
that when the frosts were drawn out of the
ground by the summer suns the building
would melt away.

Up the rickety stairs cautiously went Santa
with the tree; a funny sight that set the
Bees a-buzzing. "S-s-h-h!" says the teacher,
for Santa has knocked, and the door opens.
In he tramps noisily and talks loudly to
cover the racket on the stairs made by the
Bees, who are to peek in at the window.

"And how do you do, Mrs. Hagan? The
snow birds have flown to me in my kingdom
up North and told me you have three of the
nicest children that ever blessed an Irish
home." He sets up the tree in sight of won-
dering eyes. "Come here, Patrick," says
Santa, as he again opens the door and hastily
pulls in a sled; "what do you think of that,
my fine boy? And Maggie has been wishing
for a doll, so here it is," pulling it carefully
out of his pack. "A fine lady she is; you
can bang the paint off her face and pound in
her nose without breaking her head."

"And, Mamma, it sleeps," cries Maggie,
hugging it close.

"Now where's the baby?" The mother
brings him, the rascal and joy of her heart,
waking him up in the excitement, for he had
gone to sleep while eating, as was plain to

be seen by his face. And "Dennis darlint"
was given a rattle and a rubber doll.

"It was a sad day when you lost Mike, your
husband, Mrs. Hagan."

"It was indade," replies the poor woman,
with her heart and eyes full to overflowing.
"God bless you and yours for your kindness
to my fatherless bairns." Then, as Santa
leaves, he tosses in a bundle of warm ser-
viceable clothing—something for the entire
family. With a jingle of bells, off he went.
The Bees were happy and quiet for the first
part of the journey homeward.

And now to follow the "Knock Abouts,"
as they called themselves: boys from twelve
to sixteen years of age, whose delight was
roaming the fields and woods. Fifteen in
all! How they ever got into the sleigh with
the tree and presents is still a mystery.
Three on the seat with the driver and the
rest packed in like sardines. Even that
did not stop the noise, which kept up to the
outskirts of the city, where Tommy lived.
They drove into an alley and stopped near
the house which was the object of their
Christmas Eve journey. It was just light
enough to see the way—a fine night for sur-
prises.

The Knock Abouts climbed on the roof
of a sloping shed, from which they could look
into the windows and see all that went on.
As there was no Santa in the crowd, the
minister cautiously carried the tree and pres-
ents up the short flight of steps, placed all
before the door, knocked, and quickly got
into the shadow. It was a surprise!

The good woman and man peered every-
where, without seeing any one. Talking
to each other, they took in the tree and gifts.
Then the fun began for the boys, all unob-
served, who were looking in.

Carl's name was read off a package, and
a delighted boy capered around the kitchen
with skates in his hands; then down he sat
on the immaculate floor to try them on.
Happy Willie got his sled; Mary and Katy
their dolls. The mother had warm gloves
and the father a pair of stout shoes that
would carry him dry shod out into the snow
and wet to find the odd jobs that tided the
family over the dull times in his regular work.

Into the sleigh piled the Knock Abouts
and off to their homes they went—Tommy,
with the minister, seeing everybody home
and then walking to his own home by him-
self.

Was it all worth while? "Well, I guess,"
Tommy will tell you, "it was worth while!"
You would have thought so, upon hearing a
spokesman of each class tell its story.

When I worked at the anvil, as a boy, we
would sometimes show the boys who came
in with their horses to shoe, a great wonder.
We would take a nail-rod and make it white
hot; but then, instead of making a nail, we
would plunge the iron, hot as it was, into
a pan of brimstone, and it would turn to
mere slag. It was the truth I want to teach
about Clear Grit in a crucible. The sub-
stance out of which you can forge all sorts
of noble things shall be in two men just
about alike, and in both it shall be capable
of growing white hot under some intense
pressure of soul or circumstance. But one
man shall dip this substance of his manhood
into some infernal element, and it will all
turn to cinder, while the other man will make
what will be like a nail in a sure place.

DR. COLLYER,
in "Clear Grit."

PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS

The Wonderful Pipe.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

IT was Jack's birthday, and he was five years old. He came down to breakfast with a smile, that grew into a laugh, as he saw Father hold up his paper.

"Five!" said Father, and immediately a romp began. Jack dodged under tables and behind chairs, hid under the couch, and had to crawl out again! But at last the five whacks from the paper came. They were not hard!

"Now, breakfast." Mother had watched, smiling, too.

"Oh, my presents," said Jack, looking at the parcels on his plate, and one big one on the floor. "Can't I open them?"

"When you've had your oatmeal," answered Mother, and proceeded to tie on his bib.

I'm afraid Jack took very large mouthfuls, for he wanted to see his birthday gifts.

"Oh!" He was, perhaps, a little disappointed when the big box was opened. There *might* have been such wonderful things in a box as big as that! There was, only, a sailor suit, of white linen.

"Isn't Aunt Isabel kind?" said Mother, who liked the present very much.

"Yes," agreed Jack; "she's very kind, but I do wish she'd let Uncle Jack buy presents!"

For, at Christmas, Uncle Jack had sent a wonderful train of cars, with a real engine!

But there were other things, and then came a letter.

"Dear Jack [it said],—I'm sending you a rainbow for your birthday—a good many of them. In fact, you can start in to make rainbows in sunny weather, if you want to!
Your loving,
UNCLE JACK."

But among all the packages, there wasn't one from Uncle Jack!

"It may come in the second mail," suggested Mother.

Father had to go to the office. The sun was shining very brightly, and Jack, presently, went to his kindergarten school.

There was a song about a rainbow, and Jack listened very eagerly. Then teacher talked about the rainbow, and said that it was caused by the sun shining through rain.

"Can you have a rainbow without rain?" asked Jack.

"Oh, no," answered teacher.

"Mother," Jack cried, when he

reached home, "has Uncle Jack's box come yet?"

"No, son, not yet," replied Mother. "Never mind, dear. We know it *will* come, because Uncle Jack always keeps his word."

Jack ate his minced chicken and baked apple, and then said: "I think, maybe, he's made a mistake! Teacher said you couldn't have a rainbow without rain, and there isn't any rain today!"

"I don't think Uncle Jack would



MAKING RAINBOWS.

have said a rainbow, if he hadn't meant a rainbow," Mother answered.

"We must wait and see."

"Teacher said you had to have rain to make a rainbow," repeated Jack. He was rather disappointed.

After lunch, Mother dressed him in Aunt Isabel's present, and said she would take him to the Park.

"Can't we wait till the mailman comes? He may bring Uncle Jack's box," pleaded Jack. "I want to see what he *thinks* is a rainbow, Mother."

But there was no box from Uncle Jack.

Little Jack felt rather more than disappointed, this time. He had a lump in his throat and the tears came to his eyes. Mother saw that.

"What, tears, on your birthday, with such a number of nice things!" she said. "Smile, Jacky boy!"

Jack always tried to smile when Mother said that. He did now.

"That's right. Now, go and sit in the window-seat, and I'll show you how to make rainbows." So she brought him a bowl of soft, soapy water, and a new, clean clay pipe. Jack began to blow bubbles, and bright colors showed all over the thin, filmy balls that came out of the pipe.

"Those are baby rainbows!" said Mother.

Jack felt very happy, now, and glad that he hadn't cried any more. Just as he had decided that teacher meant "water" when she said rain, —for the sun was shining beautifully, and yet look at the rainbows he was making!—the mailman came with a box for Jack.

"Is it from Uncle Jack?" he cried.

"It is," said Mother, and then Father, who had just come in from the office, pulled out a big knife and cut the string.

When the paper came off, there was a box; when the lid came off, there was some cotton wool; when that was removed, there lay a metal tube and a bottle of soapy water—or what looked like soapy water.

"It is a bubble-blower," said Mother.

"Just a pipe like this," remarked Jack, "only, not so long, nor the same shape."

Father took a bit of printed paper.

"The pipe's different," he told Jack. "You can blow double bubbles with this one, little ones inside the big ones—see?"

"And there's something different in the bottle," Mother said. "I'll get another bowl."

So she did. Then Father showed Jack how to blow, slowly and carefully at first, and, behold, the bubbles came out, all over baby rainbows, with tinier bubbles covered with the wonderful colors, too, inside them.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Jack, "may I take the wonderful pipe to school to-morrow? I know teacher would like to see it!"

And Mother said he might.

"It has been *such* a nice birthday," sighed Jack happily, as Mother tucked him in bed. "I'll help God make rainbows every day."

THE BEACON

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
May also be secured from
104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
376 Sutter St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON


From the Editor to You.

Celebrating gives again to our readers a birthday. This number of our paper contains a portrait of Dr. Robert Collyer, and pictures of two memorial windows placed in the Church of the Messiah in New York City. You will remember the Collyer number of *The Beacon* issued two years ago. We take our famous blacksmith preacher as the one of our religious leaders to be presented this month, because by so doing we celebrate his birthday, which comes December 8.

It is fitting that one of the two windows given in memory of Dr. Collyer should present John Wesley, the founder of Methodism; for Dr. Collyer began his work in England as a Methodist preacher, though he soon came into the Unitarian faith, which he loved and preached through his long and successful ministry in this his adopted country.

We want all our Beacon readers to know and love both Dr. Collyer and his successor in Messiah pulpit, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, the writer of the special article on "Two Prophets of Freedom." Mr. Holmes is himself a voice for freedom and justice and right. He, too, is a friend to the oppressed, a helper of the helpless. Young and energetic, he finds in the ministry of one of our Unitarian churches in New York City an opportunity for sturdy effort to secure social justice. Some of our boy readers may well wish and plan to give their lives in service to the world in the fine way which Dr. Collyer and Mr. Holmes show us is possible.

An Offer. Do our readers take any notice of our book reviews? The Editor would like to know. In the book *Two in a Bungalow*, reviewed in this issue, a woman minister who is called Miss Burbank is one of the characters. That story will be sent as a gift to the reader of our paper, not more than sixteen years of age, living outside of New England, who will first send to the Editor the full name of the woman who is minister of a Unitarian church in Western Massachusetts and the town in which her church is located. Date of mailing as shown by the stamp on the envelope, not date of receipt, will be considered, so that opportunity will be equal wherever our paper is read. You may find out the answer in any way you can—by asking people in your home, or your teacher, superintendent or minister, or by consulting books or papers. If you know without asking or looking up, so much the better. Notice that this offer is not open to any one whose home is in New England. Please give your age and full address in answering this question.




THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.



Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

OUR first letter to-day is from one of our girls living in Florida, Mass. Do our members know where that is? It is mentioned in the story *Two in a Bungalow* reviewed in this number of our paper; so you may all find out if you choose. Some of our girl readers may like to write to Essie and get her to tell them about her home among the hills.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

My dear Miss Buck,—I live in Florida, Mass. It is a very pretty country with gay flowers and nice trees and shrubs. I live on a farm of about two hundred and twenty-five acres of land.

I am thirteen years old, and we have no Sunday school up here, but we have a church. I should like to receive any Sunday school books, papers, or any religious reading. I thought that perhaps some one would like to send me something, if it was not too much bother. I take *The Beacon*. Miss Page our teacher signed for it for me. I wish you would please send me a Club button.

Yours truly,

ESSIE WALSH.

KEOKUK, IA.,
1023 Palen Street.

My dear Miss Buck,—I should like to join the Beacon Club.

I was glad to see the picture of Chief Keokuk statue in *The Beacon*.

I read *The Beacon* every Sunday.

Miss Roberts is my Sunday school teacher.

IDA LOUISE LANG.
(Age 7 years.)

DORCHESTER, MASS.,
44 Dorset Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am nine years old and go to Channing Sunday school, in Channing Church, Dorchester. Our superintendent is Miss Taylor, and I like her very much. When I get *The Beacon* I read the children's page first.

Your friend,

RUTH ROBERTS.

CLINTON, MASS.,
505 High Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. Rev. James C. Duncan is the minister. There are six in our class. Our teacher's name is Mrs. Akerson. I enjoy reading *The Beacon*. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY LEE.

EUGENE, ORE.,
137 South East 13th Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the First Unitarian Sunday school at Eugene, Ore. We have a little church, but it is always crowded with people. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club, as I like your little paper very much.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH SCHAFER.
(10 years old.)

Welcome, girls from East and West, to our Club. It happens that in taking the letters received in the order of their dates, all this week are from girls. There are boys in our Club too, many of them, and we shall hear from them in their turn.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 8, 3, 14, 15, 16, is the process of making cloth.

My 2, 20, 17, 11, 13, 21, 19, is a Scotch flower.

My 26, 27, 25, 25, is what we do with a ball.

My 28, 32, 9, 31, is a vegetable.

My 7, 16, 6, 6, 4, 8, is a color.

My 1, 2, 19, 21, 14, 23, is used in sewing.

My 31, 3, 16, 23, 6, 29, is used in sewing.

My 25, 32, 24, 15, 3, is used in making flour fine.

My 5, 12, 30, 22, is the middle of the day.

My 20, 15, 10, is a vine.

My 24, 23, 6, 3, is unemployed.

My 15, 16, 17, 6, is the meat of a calf.

My 18, 20, 25, 2, is a water inhabitant.

My 13, 24, 15, 29, is the home of bees.

My whole is one of Emerson's proverbs.

HELEN L. BLACKFORD,
in *The Myrtle*.

ENIGMA XIX.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 14, 28, 16, 8, 6, 20, 13, is to advance.

My 32, 27, 4, 18, 26, is sure to win.

My 30, 1, 10, 17, is a piece of money.

My 24, 35, 16, 31, 23, is a mistake.

My 5, 25, 3, 2, 19, is the name of a State.

My 7, 22, 21, 33, 34, is a view.

My 4, 15, 9, 11, is an animal.

My 29, 12, 26, is a trap.

My whole is a message to Beacon readers.

J.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. We bought a new bed for Dorothy.
2. Jack's only five next month.
3. That man eats a lemon every day.
4. Frank, for two years, has stood highest in spelling.

5. James, tow Nellie in that boat.
6. In the spring fields are green.
7. We start East on the next train.
8. Ann, a polish would do your shoes good.
9. Job, at home, is a happy boy.
10. Did all ask to go to the beach?
11. Always stamp a letter before you mail it.
12. Fat hens do not lay many eggs.

PAULINE DODGE.

TWISTED BOOKS.

1. Douvaquis.
2. Hebrun.
3. Stephy.
4. Henavoi.
5. Rtiitiethtltnnse.
6. Mudrivhada.
7. Wilmetnotle.

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 8.

- WORD PUZZLE.—1. Mire. 2. Alter. 3. Trail.
4. Tribe. 5. Irate. 6. Lamb. 7. Bleat. 8. Oral.
ENIGMA XIV.—The Star Spangled Banner.
ENIGMA XV.—Dictionary.
AN ANAGRAM.—On a seat in the arbor mamma
eats a feast,
And drinks the teas that come
from the East.